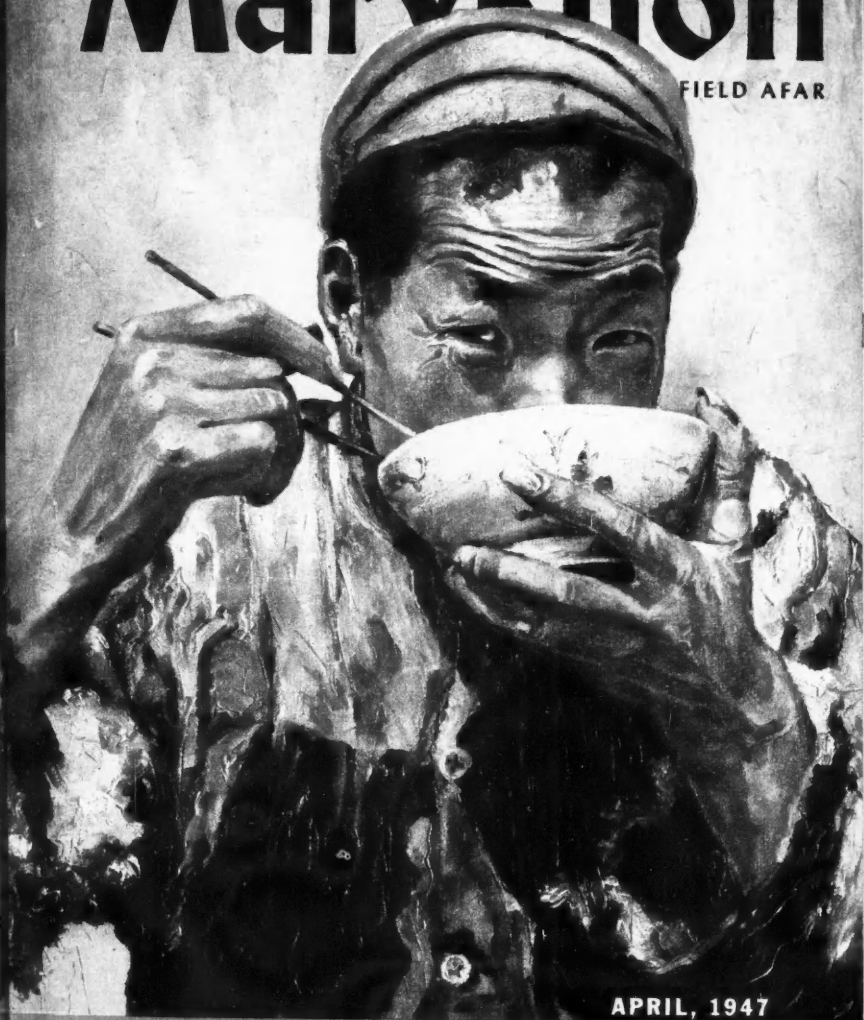


Maryknoll

FIELD AFAR



APRIL, 1947

We Work On the Roof

A photo story from high in the Andes . . . page 13



A DREAM of thirty years came true for Jose and his wife Maria when a Maryknoll priest went to live in their village high in the Mexican Sierra. Countless thousands still wait for priests to come.

His Chinese neighbors
count him
as one of their own

South China Hooper

by James F. Smith



I SEE a foreigner coming to visit you," said the Chinese who sat with the young Maryknoll Father in the shade of the latter's porch.

"But he is not a foreigner," replied the priest, as he peered at the tired-looking individual making his way along the rice paddy path.

Certainly the moving figure looked like any one of four hundred and fifty million Chinese. The ever-present sun helmet hid his face; and his slight stature, his oft-washed and much-faded clothing, and the cheap straw, coolie sandals on his feet, marked him as one of China's "common men."

"What makes you think that he is a foreigner?" asked the missionary.

"Because he has a knapsack tied to his back. A Chinese would carry his slung over one shoulder, at the end of a pole or a stick. Only a foreigner would carry his baggage in such a way."

The traveler had entered the gate, and the watchers went forward to

meet him. There could be no doubt then — their visitor had removed his helmet and stood in the shade, mopping his streaming face with a towel. He answered their joyful and surprised greetings with a hoarse, "Hello!" and eagerly asked to be led to the water cooler.

"Right in here, Bishop," cried the priest. Then he watched with sympathetic understanding as the Most Reverend Adolph J. Paschang, Bishop of Maryknoll's Kongmoon Diocese, tried manfully to empty the two-gallon container of China's scarcest commodity, boiled water that had been cooled.

The newcomer slumped into a chair, exhausted but happy.

"Where did you come from, Bishop?" asked the priest. "We heard that the Japanese had put you in jail!"

"They did for awhile," answered the Bishop. "But we got tired of that and slipped away from them. It certainly feels good to be back in Free China again!"

These few words contain the whole story, although they leave out the thrilling details of an escapade that is still being talked about up and down the mission trails. They are typical of the man who uttered them, a missionary to his fingertips, whose one aim in war or peace has been to be with the people whom God has called him to serve.



Bishop Paschang is one of the "old men" of the very young Maryknoll Society, although he has just turned fifty. He is a native of Martinsburg, Missouri, a farming section. He began his studies at St. Louis College High School and Campion College, and spent one year at Kenrick Seminary before transferring to the newly founded Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll. The late Cardinal Hayes ordained him priest in St. Patrick's Cathedral in June, 1921; and in the same summer, the young Father Paschang left this country for his new post in China.

He soon won the confidence of the people — half the battle in gaining

souls. His mastery of the language was almost magical, while his understanding of the Chinese and their customs was quite extraordinary. He was chosen head of the Kongmoon Vicariate when his predecessor was elected the new Superior General of Maryknoll, and he was consecrated Bishop at the Cathedral in Hong Kong on November 30, 1937.

Those were dark days in China. A full-scale war had been thrust upon the country. Streams of homeless refugees began to pour into the interior, to escape the bombing of coastal cities. The new Bishop ordered large matsheds (bamboo and grass huts) built within the walls of the cathedral property, and he undertook to house and feed as many of the unfortunates as he could.

In March of 1939, the Japanese fought their way into the city in which the Bishop lived, and his troubles were multiplied. The inhabitants who had money fled, leaving only the poor and the helpless behind them. Someone had to care for those thousands, so the Bishop organized a rice line at the mission gate. There, every morning for three years, between two and three thousand people were given enough rice to care for at least a part of their daily needs.

There were times when it seemed

MARYKNOLL—The Field Afar

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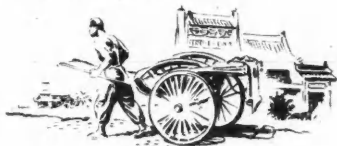
Write for our free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*. State laws differ in requirements.

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that the rice line must be given up. Rice was very hard to get, and money was often lacking to buy the needed quantities. But always, something turned up and the people were fed.

One spring, during an especially severe epidemic of cholera, the Japanese forbade the Bishop to bring the people to the mission until further notice. He was in a dilemma: to obey would mean that starvation would wipe out the people; to disobey would mean incurring the wrath of the Japanese, and probably would bring down reprisal upon the poor. The problem was solved by one regular client of the rice line, who said, "It is better for us to be shot than to die of hunger!" That settled the question: the rice line continued. There were some highly incendiary threats made by the authorities, but luckily nothing came of them.



When the Pearl Harbor attack occurred, the Bishop and his priests could have made their escape into Free China without too much danger and difficulty, but they elected to remain with their people. Eventually they were exiled to the near-by Portuguese Colony of Macao.

Almost from the day he set foot in that neutral city, the Bishop began laying plans for his secret return to his mission territory. Meanwhile he devoted his experience in relief work to the many refugees who were pouring into Macao. At the request of

the local government, he organized rice lines patterned on his own in Kongmoon. He became so useful to the city that its officials begged him to put off his attempt to return to Free China.



At last friends told Bishop Paschang that everything had been prepared for the dangerous trip through the enemy blockade, and his journey "home" began. With an armed guard of tough guerrillas who were familiar with every foot of the coast, he set off in a small sampan, rigged with a sail and containing enough food for the three-day adventure.

The boat sailed quietly along the coast by night; before dawn each day, the travelers dismantled the sail and hid the small boat in the marsh at the edge of the land, while they scattered through the swamps, each one seeking a dry spot and a wink of sleep. On the evening of the last day, they were detected by a patrol boat, which opened fire with a machine gun. The guns of the guerrillas kept the patrol boat at bay while the sampan ran for the shore. There it was abandoned, and its occupants scurried into the high grass.

The party was then obliged to travel on foot. They slipped through the Japanese lines by keeping to the hills, walking at night and hiding during the day in friendly villages.

Thus, after a blistering three-day march through the low, shadeless plain of the rice lands, the returning Bishop arrived at the water container where we left him a few moments ago.

The next morning saw him on the road once more. He had twenty stations to visit before he could feel that he was really in touch with his territory again. Each station is a one-to-three days' walk from the preceding. He spent the next six months hiking between his stations, visiting with the missionaries, listening to their problems, directing their work. The ambitious program represented a journey of between 1,500 and 2,000 miles on foot, and he repeated it during each year of the war.

One great danger in this kind of life was the possibility of running into scattered bands of Japanese soldiers. Half of the Kongmoon mission territory was in the hands of the enemy, and the other half was so close to the front lines that a sudden advance by the invaders might catch him unprepared. On more than one occasion, he just managed to skip out of town as the soldiers were coming in. He thought his luck had run out one day when a Christian

If maintenance of a student for the foreign mission priesthood at Maryknoll appeals to you, you may satisfy this holy desire by the offering of a monthly or annual donation for his support.



staying, while its owner removed himself as far as possible from the scene of expected trouble. The invading troops entered the house and looked for laborers to carry their equipment. But they failed to investigate the small ledge upon which the Bishop was lying, silently preparing for the end, remembering the stern orders of the Japanese garrison commander, "You are to remain in Macao until the end of the war—or else."

In August of 1945, one of the Bishop's predictions came true. He had always said, "We'll be here when the invaders have gone."

When peace came, he was actually re-established in what was left of his property even before the Japanese had departed.

It will take years to rebuild South China's transportation system. Until the roads can be made ready, His Excellency of Kongmoon is going to be one of the "walkingest" bishops in the world.

In Burma, in the field of the Milan Missionaries, a village of Catholics lives on the other side of a river which swells enormously during flood season. The villagers do not miss Mass. They walk to the river bank, the mothers strap their babies high on their shoulders, and men, children, mothers with their babies swim the stream. The hot sun has dried them nicely by the time they reach the church.

rushed in to report that the Japanese had the village surrounded and were about to enter for a search.

There was no place to go, so Bishop Paschang hid in the small loft of the house in which he had been

Second Spring in Japan

Wherever
a priest,
hope
flowers

by Harold J.
Felsecker



The missionary is no longer kept from him

Today in Japan the harvest is indeed ripe. Give a missionary a home in any part of the country, and he will reap a crop of souls! If, in the Providence of Almighty God, the American military were chosen to humble the proud warriors of this country, we, the American missionaries, feel obligated to raise these same people to a glimpse of the Crucified Christ. God grant that we

may succeed in outstanding fashion.

The main center of Maryknoll's efforts in Japan is Kyoto. That city boasts some million and a half inhabitants, but only a mere two hundred of them found their way to the Catholic Church during the war. St. Francis Xavier Church, in the heart of the city, is the cathedral parish. The Prefect Apostolic—a native Japanese—and two Maryknoll



Robert Weil, a postulant Maryknoll Brother, took most of the photographs illustrating this article while serving with the Navy in Japan. He is



priests barely suffice to manage the postwar activity. Some three hundred adults are studying catechism, and three hundred children attend catechism classes on Saturday afternoons.

West of the Imperial Palace, in Kyoto, lies the Nishijin parish. Its pastor, Father Tomizawa, who has recently returned to Japan after fifteen years in Rome, reports a steady increase in the number of catechumens. The same holds true of the Takano parish, where Father John Walsh and Father William Pheur, of Maryknoll, are stationed. There,

on three nights a week, more than thirty adults gather to study the catechism. This parish has developed into a center for University students. It stands badly in need of a church.

Perhaps the most spectacular developments have taken place at Tsu. There Father Thomas Barry has just rebuilt his bombed rectory and catechist house. From the day of his arrival, he was given an enthusiastic welcome by the people and the officials. All heartily co-operated in the reconstruction of the mission and expressed the hope that the entire population of the prefecture would embrace Christianity. The local news-

shown in the lower photo on page six standing at the centermost spot of the Hiroshima bomb blast. His Pacific experience brought him to Maryknoll.





paper featured the activities of the missionary and printed special articles about the Catholic Church. Recently, at the dedication of Father Barry's rebuilt rectory-chapel, the Governor of the Prefecture and mayors from six of the surrounding cities were in attendance, together with heads of schools, newspaper reporters, and leading business men. A special section of the local paper was given over to a report of this event, and it carried also several feature articles about the Church. In Tsu, the city officials financed the erection of an old folks' home across the street from the church, on property donated to the Church by the Government. A large school building was officially offered to the Maryknoll Sisters.



Second from the left, front row, in the lower photograph on page 9 stands Father Thomas A. Barry of Roxbury, Mass., who as pastor at Tsu is experiencing the extraordinary response to his efforts described in the article. Particularly among the young, among the school boys and school girls yet unformed in their ideals, there is promise that Christ and His message of love will be woven into the life stream of future Japan. Above on page 8 is typical class of Tokyo high school girls. Below on page 8 the crowd harries an overworked tram in downtown Tokyo. Despite the crushing poverty, few of Japan's children appear in rags. Their innate thrift, orderliness and neatness heightens the tragedy of this people.



A missionary formula



by Bishop Alonzo E. Escalante

The whole Amazon Valley is a microbes' paradise. Lowland Bolivia, where our Pando Vicariate lies, is on the southern rim of this giant valley; hence, it is understandable that from the first we have thought of medical help for our people. Such help should consist of care of the sick, and — which is quite as important — care of the healthy also. Consequently we are giving serious attention to a public-health program.

It is popular opinion that our worst problem here is malaria. True, in many places there is a great deal of malaria, but we are told that our region is one of the worst places in the world for gastrointestinal diseases. In some areas of the Amazon Valley, as many as ninety per cent of the population are carriers of amoebic dysentery.

Very nearly one hundred per cent of the inhabitants suffer from one or other form of verminosis. Almost all who go barefoot — and that means a very great part of our population — suffer from hookworm. Tuberculosis is high, and infant mortality is high.

Public Health

Wasting diseases in general take a heavy toll.

Both the Maryknoll Fathers and the Maryknoll Sisters are very anxious to fight the maladies that work such havoc here. As a start, we have fixed three objectives for ourselves:

1. To render medical aid and nursing care to the sick in Riberalta and outlying districts.
2. To establish a program for the control and prevention of communicable disease in this district.
3. To improve health conditions by a program of health teaching.

On the first point, we are proud of the provision we have been able to make. The Maryknoll Sisters have sent to the Pando a group of highly trained medical workers, headed by Sister Mercy, a doctor of medicine from Marquette University. Madre Mercy, as she is known locally, is a tower of strength for the solution of the physical woes of the Pando. She heads the Riberalta Hospital; handles her surgical cases with the diffidence of a profoundly humble servant of God, and also with rare ability; and directs medical activities with constructive vision.

In the hospital, a small but modern structure erected jointly by the Bolivian and United States Govern-

in the Jungle



ments, the in-patient department is satisfactory for the needs of the area. The out-patient department provides consultation and treatment for those not confined to bed.

The hospital, you will understand, serves a vast thinly-settled region that has no doctors. Father Fritz the other day came five hundred miles from Cavinass with one of his Indians who had been bitten by a snake and whose leg had been improperly hacked off with a machete. In the hospital the amputation was made at the proper place.

In addition, a medical and visiting-nurse program has been set up for house-to-house care of the sick. A branch dispensary is being opened in a part of Riberalta distant from the hospital. Our little metropolis counts only seven thousand inhabitants, but it is sprawling and outspread. Getting to the isolated families in our vast hinterland will be a problem, but we will solve it.

For our second objective, the control and prevention of communicable diseases, the Maryknoll Sisters have provided the following:

1. Vaccination of all school children against smallpox.
2. Routine physical examination of all school children every six months.

3. Isolation of cases of communicable disease by the visiting nurses, so far as this is possible, and immunization of all in the surrounding area.

4. Routine blood examination of all patients, for malaria.

5. Routine stool examinations for presence of parasites.

6. Routine serology for syphilis.

The third feature in our program is health education. In all the schools, we are introducing weekly classes in health, and also a monthly conference to the teachers to secure their co-operation. We are providing, as far as it is available, health literature to encourage the youngsters to clean their teeth, guard against communicable diseases, and take similar steps well known to American children.

We give a great deal of attention to training the hospital and dispensary patients in proper diet, cleanliness, hygienic disposal of waste, and good nursing care. Important also is the teaching of maternal health, the bathing of the newborn, formula making, and so forth.

Our medical program is greatly appreciated by the Bolivian Government. The Minister of Health recently referred to our hospital as "one of the best in the Republic" and was strong in his praise of Madre Mercy.

The Superior General's Corner

A fellow prisoner at Szepingkai, Monsignor Gustave Prevost, has just been made Prefect Apostolic of Lintung, Manchuria. He is one of the Foreign Missioners of Pont Viau, Quebec, with whom a number of Maryknollers were confined in a concentration camp in central Manchuria. Adversity proved a good sauce for friendship; our two Societies feel very close today because of our common problems during the war years.

Outstanding in attentive charity toward the Maryknoll priests and Sisters during their first year of confinement in Mukden was the late Bishop Blois of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. He did everything a good friend could do to secure food and other assistance for the American missioners behind the barbed wire. Extraordinary in her devotion was an Irish Sister, Mother St. Aidan (Fitzgerald) of the Dames of St. Maur. Helped by young Russian girls in the orphanage, she scoured the city and the countryside for items of food and other necessities hard to get because of the war. Mass supplies and articles of clothing came through our mis-

Notes by Bishop Raymond A. Lane SUPERIOR GENERAL OF MARYKNOLL

sionary confreres outside the camp.

The Japanese were impressed by the close alliance between us foreign priests and the Chinese clergy. When the foreigners were taken into custody, I, the American Vicar Apostolic of Fushun, delegated my authority to Bishop Blois, French Vicar Apostolic of Mukden, and His Excellency sent Chinese priests to fill our vacant posts. Thus, the Manchurian missions were operated during the war.

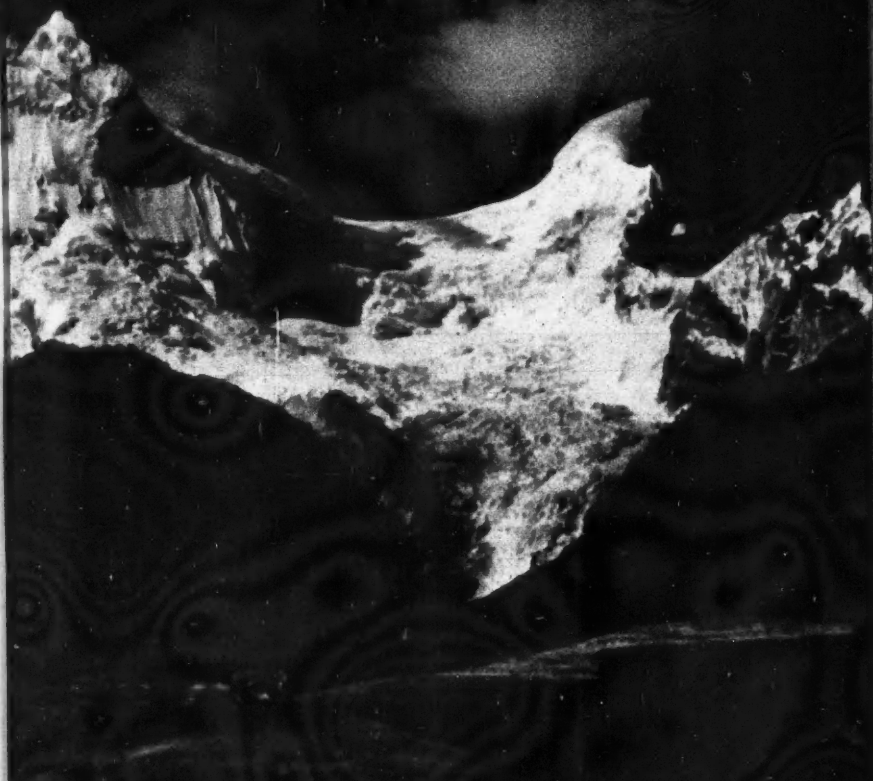
In South China Maryknoll missioners feel undying gratitude to both the Milan Foreign Missioners and the Paris Foreign Missioners who continually helped them during the war years. Bishop Valtorta of Hong Kong was particularly devoted despite the tremendous burden of his own affairs. The Irish Jesuits of Hong Kong and the Portuguese clergy of Macao were likewise true friends in this hour of need. In the Philippines, priests and Sisters of many communities were truly kind to the Maryknollers.

All missioners are one. The nation of origin or the particular institute which sends us out is but incidental in the great overseas world where Christ's apostolic army of some 80,000 priests, Brothers and Sisters strives to carry His message to all men.



We Work on the Roof

A PHOTO STORY



Puno is high, cold, and hungry

Two and a half miles up, in the rare, biting air of the Peruvian Andes, a group of Maryknoll missionaries are at work. Besides caring for a seminary and college in Puno, they staff remote parishes on the roof of the world.



In a land where strangers turn giddy with mountain sickness, missionaries like Father Robert E. Kearns go among a people too long without priests.



Wretchedly poor, the Indians have few comforts in life. They appreciate the care of the Church. Father Joseph E. Early blesses an Indian baby.



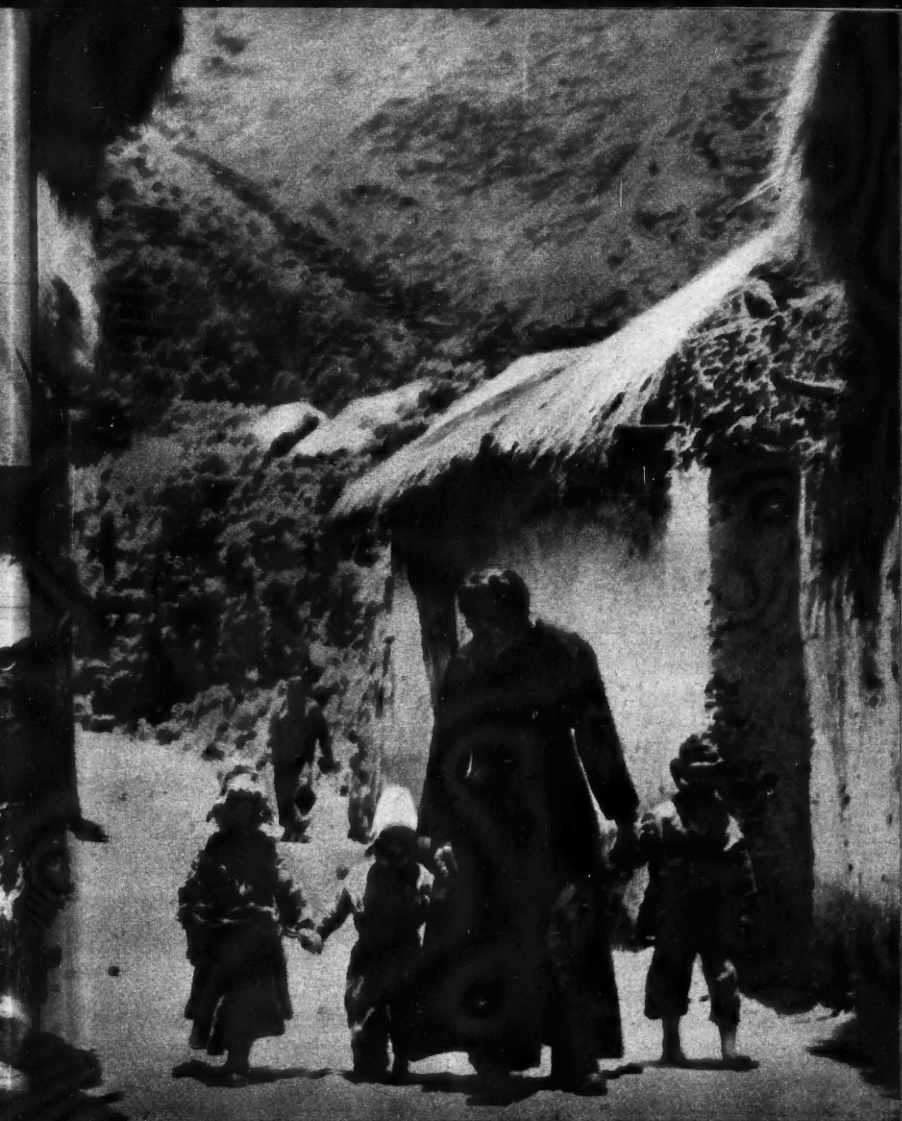
Nine of every ten inhabitants have Inca blood. These people are small in stature, barrel chested from oversized lungs straining for oxygen.




Before Maryknoll came 750,000 people were tended by 28 priests. Among the hemisphere's oldest Catholics, they produced only a small native clergy.



The Indian's best friend is the hardy llama. Its back provides transportation; its skin makes warm clothing; its dung becomes precious fuel.



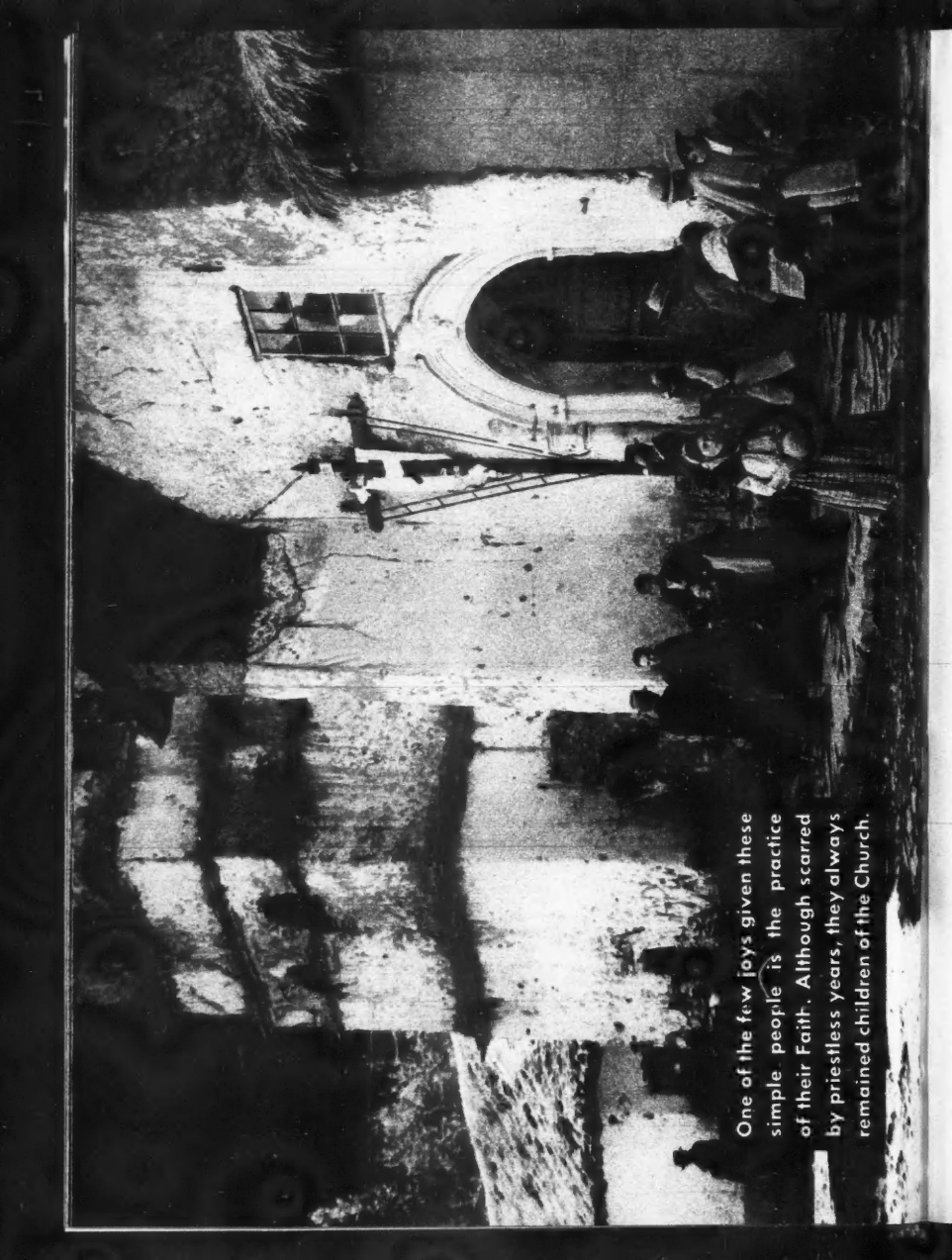
The dwellings in mountain villages are adobe huts, windowless, unfloored, cold, and ill-smelling. Father Donald C. Cleary with friends in Cuyocuyo.



Because of their poverty, illness is their common lot. Few people in the world have a harder life. To help them, Maryknollers conduct dispensaries. Father Joseph J. Rickert gives these Macusani youngsters a better chance for a healthier life.



Father Arthur C. Kiernan, Puno Superior. Center and bottom — some people who live on the roof.



One of the few joys given these simple people is the practice of their Faith. Although scarred by priestless years, they always remained children of the Church.

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS"

WHEN OUR LORD was twelve years of age He went with Mary and Joseph to Jerusalem. On the way home they missed Him and returned to the city to search. After three days of anxious inquiry they found Him in the temple among the learned doctors; and to Mary's question: "Why hast thou done so to us?" Jesus replied: "Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

LUKE II, 48, 49

Young men come to Maryknoll from all parts of the United States. For long years they study and work and pray. Their minds are trained, their bodies strengthened, their characters formed, their spirits tempered to future tasks. They become men and foreign missionaries.

And then they must be about their Father's business.

Millions are clamoring for them. So many missionaries are needed, so few are at work, so much must be done — and there is so little time. Every day is precious. Our Lord's work waits.

No young man should have to mark time and wait his turn to be trained

for mission work overseas. Yet some may have to wait if we cannot provide beds, classrooms, books, kitchens, and other essentials for them.

Our student enrollment is 792; our crowded training houses remind us of popular sardines in their cans. We urgently need living quarters for the young men now applying to enter next fall, to be busy about their Father's business.

Property and plans we have ready for a college near Chicago. Will you help us build this training house for Maryknoll missionaries? Any contribution, large or small, will be gratefully accepted.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O. New York

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the expense of building the Maryknoll College to train Maryknoll Missioners.

My Name _____

My Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



MARYKNOLL'S

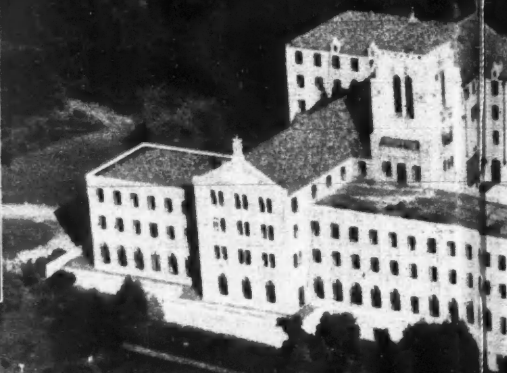
SOME FORTY YEARS AGO Miss Mary Josephine Rogers, a young lady professor at Smith College, called on the Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese of Boston. Of that visit she later wrote: "I, who had gone in to him as a stranger that day, left him, as hundreds of others have left him, with a warming sense of kinship and a quickened consciousness of a joyful obligation to others." The Director became the Co-founder of Maryknoll — Bishop James Anthony Walsh. Her "quickened consciousness" led the young lady to become the Mother Foundress and for twenty-six years the Mother General of the Maryknoll Sisters — Maryknoll's Mother Mary Joseph.

Now she witnesses the complete maturing of her foundation. She relinquishes her post as Mother General and retires from active administrative duties. She cannot, however, put aside that other title which she must ever possess unshared, that of Mother Foundress of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic.

Maryknoll has truly come of age. The older priests among the Maryknoll Fathers and the seniors within the ranks of the Maryknoll Sisters recall feelingly the idyllic days which witnessed the humble beginnings of the two communities. During those early years and down through every decade of development, Mother Mary Joseph has stood out as the principal element of strength and leadership in the building of her own community and, as well, as probably the greatest single contributor to the growth of the Maryknoll Fathers among all outside the ranks of the Fathers themselves.

Now Mother Mary Joseph will watch both organizations wax ever stronger in their service of the Church's missions. All who know and love her will continue to enrich the treasury of admiration and affection which is hers after full years of achievement.

L'S MOTHER MARY JOSEPH



Mother Mary Columba (inset) has been elected the second Mother General of the Maryknoll Sisters. For a number of years Mother was Superintendent of St. Paul's Hospital in Manila. The Maryknoll motherhouse is the center for 879 members and candidates and for missions in Eastern Asia and Latin America.



Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

No Peace

The unity of a country is the most precious and essential of all its possessions. The unity of a country is its life. Better hard times together than good times separately. Better union in misery than prosperity in division. When unity is combined with liberty, there is true national well-being, but even serfdom as one cohesive nation is preferable to liberty through separation and dispersal. Division is the way, not to free a nation, but to

destroy it. All people want freedom. But all patriotic people also want to achieve their freedom within the framework of unity that preserves their nationhood.

This issue has plunged the people of present-day Korea into a period of critical anguish and severe hardship. Promised liberty, they were given division; or rather, they had it forced upon them by the Soviet Army that spent six days in liberating them from an already defeated Japan, and the ensuing eighteen months in dividing them among themselves. The iniquitous physical division that cut the compact, self-contained, interdependent little country in two was not, however, the work of Russia alone. It was acquiesced in by our own Government that professed to be the friend of Korea, and the present chaotic situation has resulted directly from that imprudent step.

Dissension, division, and general confusion are ruining Korea. In the Land of the Morning Calm, it is now the period of noonday disaster. What the sorely tried and distracted people desperately need is a chance to get together and achieve order. The Soviet needs a chance to achieve disorder. America needs nothing except a tranquil conscience, but we can scarcely be said to possess that. Neither America nor its Government has many friends among Korea's people today. We connived in their betrayal. Not even the exigencies of war justify acts that jeopardize and

undermine the rights of a peaceful people and the future of their nation. It is time to repair the wrong. Korea deserves its independence, and Korea wants its unity. It is an international scandal that it continued to be deprived of both.

Our Peace

Peace is the gift of Easter to all who will accept it. With a victory so perfect, so complete, and so fruitful for the reign of peace, what remained to be done? He, the First-born among many brethren, bore the sacrificial part of making our peace. We, the least of His brethren, had the easier role of accepting and applying His peace. He succeeded in His task. We failed in ours.

Every man with the charity of Christ in his heart has personal peace. Every nation with the spirit of Christ animating its national life has domestic peace. The world itself, if organized according to the basic principles of Christ, could have universal peace. Will it be soon? Will it be ever? Shall we always win the victory and lose the reward? The world has had its conquests, but each one in turn failed to bring peace and only led to some fresh disaster. Is it not time to make use of the victory won for men, not by themselves, but by the Son of God? Is it not high time to rise to the better things thrown open to a fallen world by the miracle of Easter Morn? The way to peace for men and nations was evident long before Dante

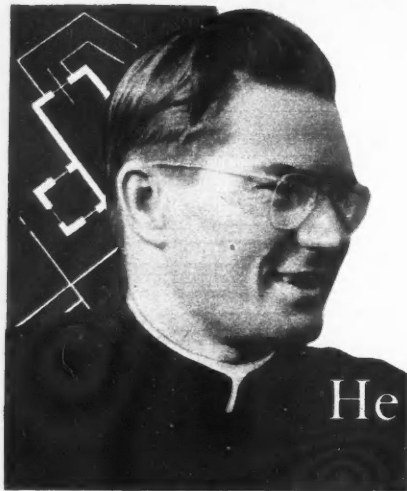
Flowers of Saint Francis

The Twenty-nine Martyrs of the Boxer Rebellion, who were beatified last year, included fourteen native Chinese. Nine of them were ordinary Catholic laymen. And the other five present the arresting spectacle of a small group of native seminarians, who came forward — accelerating, as it were, their steps towards the altar — and gave their young lives as a sacrifice for the Faith. A triumph for the sons and daughters of Saint Francis is also involved in this accolade of the Church, as all the beatified belonged to Franciscan missions.

The remaining fifteen martyrs were missionaries. The seven Sisters in this group were the first martyrs of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary — precious tokens of the valiant spirit for which their congregation was to be so widely known. All these new flowers of Saint Francis were gathered by his family in the Flowery Kingdom, as fruits of their mission work for Christ the King.

formulated it in human poetry's most famous line. "The will of God is our peace," as everybody really knows in the deep recesses of his heart.

"Christ did not send His apostles to shepherd the lost sheep of any one race, people or nation. He sent them into the whole world to propagate faith, charity and peace to all men and nations everywhere." — Cardinal Spellman.



by Francis X. Lyons

A Texas drawl
belies the speed
of this
Yankee pastor

He Knows all the Answers

Padre Hugo Gerbermann, dressed for a trip by horseback, looks like a cross between a Puritan divine and a Spanish grandee. Unlike the other Padres of the Ecuadorian Mission, who prefer to wear white in the terrific heat of the tropical sun, Padre Hugo wears a black suit. With a white shirt open at the neck, a battered Panama hat, a pair of cowboy boots on his long legs, and a native stogie jammed into his mouth, he starts off on his sick calls.

This Maryknoller sits his horse with the nonchalant ease of a Texan, which he is, and nods to passers-by as though he were out for an inspection tour of his ranch. But on a sick call, he rides hard and fast, as he did not long ago when an urgent summons came from a distant pueblo. He rode for seven hours through the jungle and then, only half an hour

from his destination, met a messenger who reported that the sick man had died. The Padre said a prayer for the man's soul, turned his horse around, and started the long trip back. Things like that make a philosopher of a man.

Padre Hugo has spent the four years since his ordination in Quevedo, a small jungle town on the Guayas River, thirty-four hours by launch from Guayaquil. The first year he spent in the company of Father James Ray, and between them they managed to convert a bamboo hut into a comfortable wooden rectory. When Father Ray was transferred, Padre Hugo was left alone, with several hundred square miles of mission territory to care for and the construction of a church to worry about.

Today the new church is well on its way to completion, thanks to

donations from friends in the United States, and to a collection tour of Quevedo's merchants. The last time I saw the Padre, he was seriously considering putting a "luxury tax" on every bottle of beer bought in the town, if he couldn't get the needed funds in any other way.

Like most missionaries, Father Gerbermann has had some odd experiences. One night a twelve-year-old girl came to him, as he was closing the church, and asked to be baptized. He examined her in the catechism and found that she knew it perfectly. Her mother vouched for the fact that the girl had never been baptized, so the Padre performed the ceremony. The next day, the girl died. No one knows why — she just died.

In one case, the missionary was appealed to by the local bread maker. The man's oven was in his back yard; although surrounded by four walls, it had no roof. During the quiet hours of night, an occasional shower of rocks dropped inside the enclosure and on top of the oven. The town was convinced that the devil was mixed up in the happenings, and the baker was soon reduced to a nervous wreck. Padre Hugo went to the man's home and blessed his oven — and the shower of rocks never fell again. Whether the missionary had frightened the devil or only a couple of small boys, he never knew.

"Only wild dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun" — and, it might be added, so does Padre

WILLS

For bequest: "I hereby give and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. (The Maryknoll Fathers), the sum of \$....."

wise secure within a radius of fifty miles. His parishioners have become accustomed to seeing him with a cigar, which refuses to stay lit, in one hand, and a trowel in the other, but still they do not understand why he labors at weeding: they know that the jungle rains will shoot a weed up three feet if the gardener turns his back, and they consider the whole thing an unequal struggle.

Padre Hugo has a clubhouse for the young boys, but he must use it for a church while the new one is being built. Each evening, therefore, after night prayers, the boys troop upstairs to his screened-in porch, and sit happily at games of checkers or monopoly, while their host swings complacently in the woven-straw hammock and occasionally taps a few of the more noisy players with his walking stick.

Ask Father Gerbermann what his plans are, and his eyes twinkle and he puffs vigorously on the stogie. "Well," he says, "as soon as I get the inside of the church fixed up, I'm going to start a school. Give these youngsters a good Catholic education. And after that, well —."

A number of townspeople who thought that he could never get the church built, are in for another pleasant surprise on the day they line up to register their children in the new school.

Hugo. He invariably picks the hottest part of the day to weed his garden, in which there is every plant that he has been able to beg, borrow, or other-

1,000 AMERICAN MISSIONERS

THE Catholic Church in the United States began sending out foreign missionaries about thirty years ago. Today there are 3,000 American priests, Brothers, and Sisters in overseas mission service. This means that America has averaged 100 missionary departures a year during the last thirty years. Looking into the future, what is the maximum number of top-notch missionaries that the Church in the United States will be able to supply each year?

There are those who feel that our country can send out from our shores as many as a thousand native-born priests, Brothers, and Sisters yearly. Let us analyze the possibilities. The United States as a whole counts 25,000,000 Catholics, or 5,000,000 Catholic families. A thousand missionaries a year would represent one missionary a year for every 5,000 families.

New England counts 3,600,000 Catholics, among whom there are many vocations. It seems safe to prophesy that one day that region will send out 250 missionary priests, Brothers, and Sisters each year. Archbishop Cushing is very optimistic. "New England alone," he says, "can supply the personnel for an entire Maryknoll Society." The combined efforts of all societies should result in 250 missionaries yearly.

The Atlantic States number 8,600,000 Catholics, in 24 dioceses. One day, please God, that region will

Can we average a mission priest; Brother or Sister



S A YEAR . . .

each year from every 5,000
American Catholic families?

by John J. Considine



Bishop Niedhammer, American
Capuchin leader in Nicaragua

Sister Servants of the Holy
Ghost, Techny, leave by plane

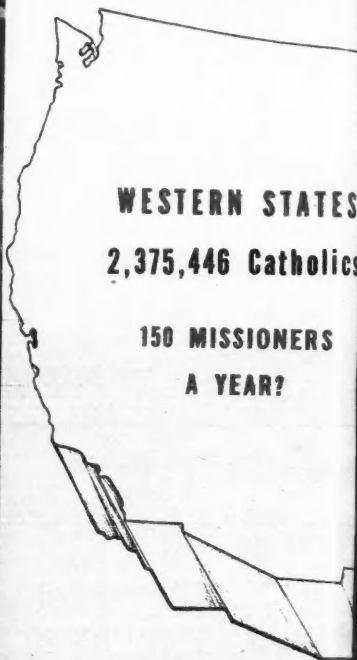
These Sacred Heart Missioners
will be pilots in the Pacific





WESTERN STATES
2,375,446 Catholics

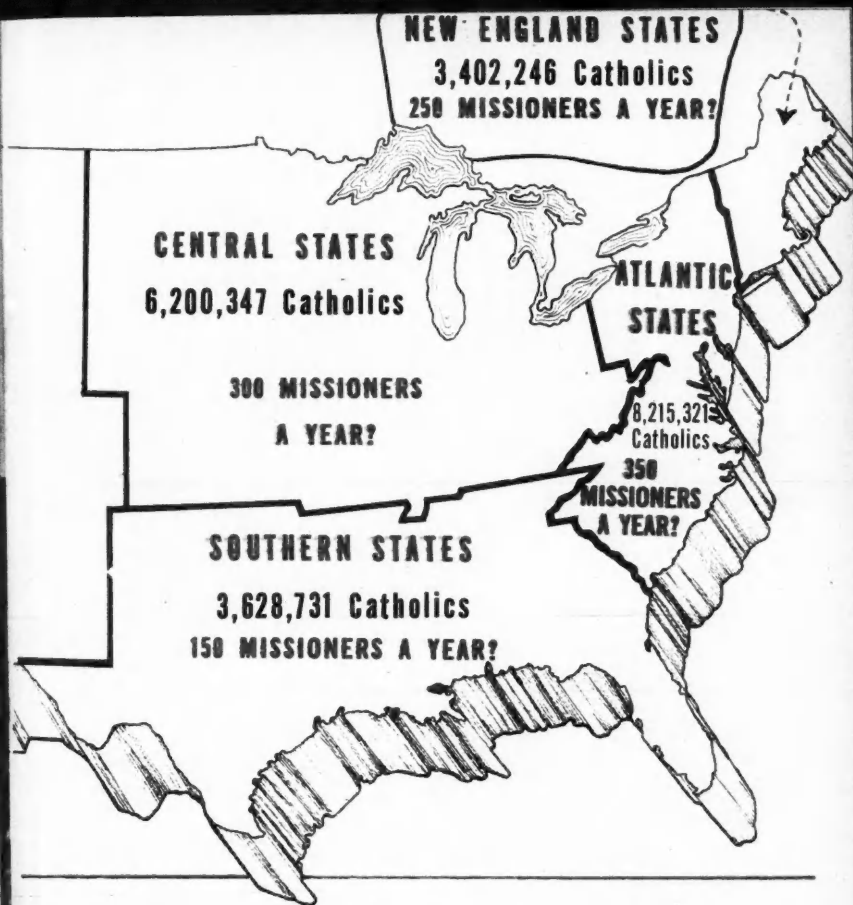
150 MISSIONERS
A YEAR?



Maryknoll priests and Brothers will be part of the growing missionary stream

Archbishop Mitty bids farewell to Maryknoll Sisters sailing from San Francisco

TES
olics
RS



provide 350 missionaries per year. The North Central States possess 6,500,000 Catholics, in 34 dioceses. The day will come, we dare to say, when their many flourishing communities will send out 300 missionaries yearly. The South Central and Southern States count 3,800,000 Catholics, in 31 dioceses. Some of those Catholics

are still in a mission condition; but it is within prudent hope that that area will, one day, supply 150 missionaries a year. The Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States count 2,500,000 Catholics. Their vigor augurs well for a record, some day, of 150 missionaries a year.

These rough calculations, if they



**(Above) Training in radio (Below)
One of hundreds of American
Jesuit missionaries (P. 35, above)
Passionists for China (Below) Mil-
waukee Franciscans back to China**

become realities, will provide not 1,000, but 1,200 mission priests, Brothers, and Sisters a year.

The century that has passed has built greatness into the Catholic Church in the United States. The next hundred years must garner their glory in world missionary achievement. Thousands of priests must give full-time effort to the non-Catholics in America itself; tens of thousands of American priests must bid farewell to home and carry the Cross to every needy land over the earth.



Don't Worry About Manchuria



No bogey man
frightens
these missionaries

by Edward A. McGurkin

The Fushun Chief of Police, Mr. Kuo Shen, was at the Mukden railway station, sitting with Father Jacques and myself. We two Maryknollers were leaving for the United States.

The chief said: "I hope to get to know everyone at your mission, and I wish them all to know me. I realize now better than ever before how much our friendship means." Those farewell words sum up nicely the attitude we American missionaries were then meeting in Manchuria.

Leaving aside all wishful thinking and our natural Christian optimism, looking simply at the facts, we can say that the future of our mission work in Manchuria seems bright. The first important fact is that the Church now enjoys freedom, the freedom to live, to breathe and expand;

a freedom that it did not have during the fourteen years of the now-defunct puppet regime.

The next important fact is that the general situation in Manchuria has gotten progressively better during the past year. It is true that some regions have suffered, particularly the missions of Jehol, Chih Feng, Kiamuse, and Yenki; but compared with the chaos immediately following the Soviet occupation, the situation is definitely better and steadily improving. From the point of view of peace, order, communications, and business, we are in a better position now than at any time since V-J Day.

In our Maryknoll territory, the Diocese of Fushun, the outlook is particularly promising. We passed through somber days during the Soviet occupation, and we were naturally anxious during the regime of the Chinese Communists. The prayers of dear ones at home obtained for

Father McGurkin



Neither the concentration camp, nor extraordinary postwar Manchuria have dimmed Father McGurkin's optimism. His home is in Hartford, Conn.

us the special protection of Our Lady of Maryknoll. Even the Communist armies, despite the harm they did elsewhere, always treated us well.

Is it true that the Chinese have become ultranationalistic and anti-foreign? Some months ago, there was a great deal of correspondence in one of the Shanghai papers, provoked by a letter from a young UNRRA worker who was displeased with what he believed to be the ingratitude, dishonesty, and anti-foreign discrimination of the present Chinese Government and people. Many persons aired their opinions, pro and con. The more sober minds explained that a people so long oppressed would naturally blow up a bit in the excitement of new-found independence. One man compared the situation to a see-saw. He said that China and the Chinese have been down on the ground for a long time; now they are bounced up high in the air; soon the plank will find its proper balance.

What about our Maryknoll missions in Manchuria? When the Chinese see a Maryknoller, they see first of all a Catholic, and secondly an American. As Catholics, we enjoy unusual prestige, thanks to several wise provisions of the Holy See; thanks to the role which Catholic missionaries played as nurses, doctors, friends, in all parts of China during the years of war;

MARYKNOLL MEMBERS share in the daily prayers and good works of our missionaries and receive our magazine. Every Maryknoll priest says his Mass each-Friday for them and their intentions. The offering: \$1.00 a year.

thanks to the activity of Bishop Yu Pin; thanks to men like Cardinal Tien at Peiping; and Mr. Wu, who as Envoy Plenipotentiary will represent the Nanking Government at the Vatican, and other

prominent Catholic Chinese.

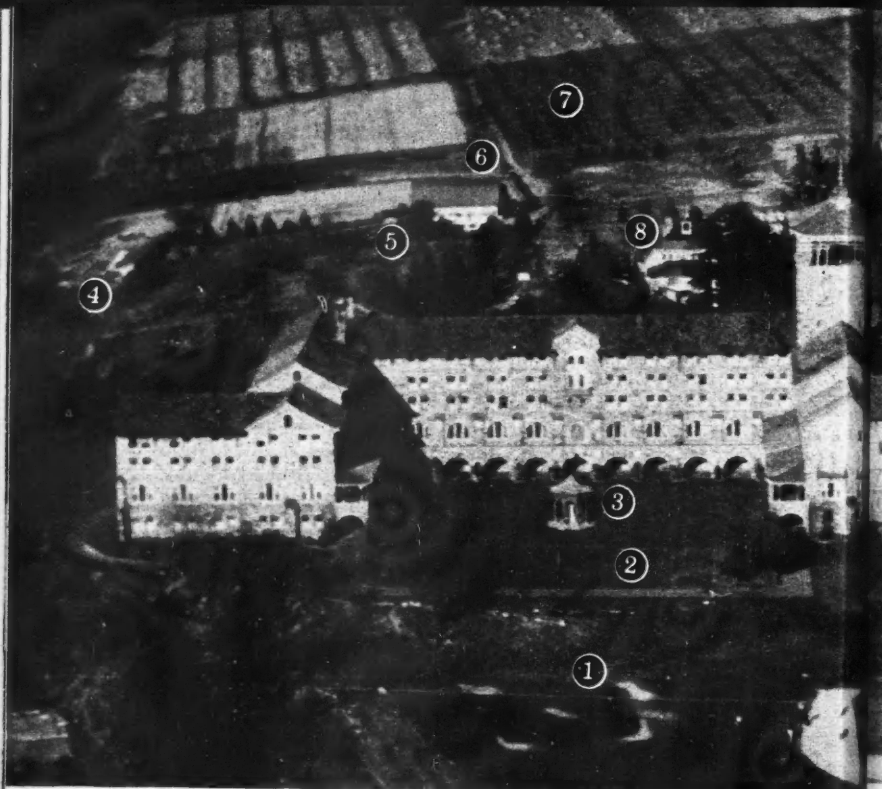
As Americans, we are looked upon as nationals of a Government that the Chinese consider their closest, most faithful, and most useful ally.

We missionaries will continue to employ the traditional methods as far as possible. Certainly medical assistance will always be necessary and always welcome. We need our Catholic schools, and we will carry on with them so long as they do not appear to compete with Government schools.

Perhaps our greatest efforts will be made with more specialized works: English-language schools, commercial schools, industrial schools. While we may never have the resources and personnel to establish Maryknoll machine shops and Maryknoll schools of aviation, there is nevertheless the possibility of student aid by which promising young men, aided by us, may obtain higher technical instruction in American institutions.

Our orphan asylums, our old folks' homes, remain. We continue to go out to visit the sick. These are the methods taught us by Our Lord Himself. We try also to use Our Lord's own method of kindness to everyone.

"Humanity is sick of only one disease — misuse of the universe." (Cecily Hallack) God did not give man this wonderful world to be a temptation, but to develop within himself his great powers as the image of God.



1. Athletic Fields. "A strong mind in a sound body" is a requirement for a missionary. Maryknoll seminarians have their share of athletics.

2. Departure Bell. From a Buddhist temple in Japan came this bronze bell, which is traditionally rung before each Departure Ceremony.

3. Kiosk. Housing the statue of Our Lady of Maryknoll, this colorful Oriental kiosk is in the center of the Seminary cloister.

4. God's Acre. In this small cemetery, some of the Maryknoll priests, Brothers, and Sisters lie buried. Here rest Maryknoll's Cofounders.

5. Temporary Chapel. Some day soon we shall build the permanent Seminary chapel, we hope. Meanwhile, this conference hall does emergency duty.

6. Barns. Built in the early years, by Father Bernard Meyer, this barn houses our livestock. Near the barn the pigs enjoy a concrete home.



7. Farm. Maryknoll's orchards and farmland help provide students with some knowledge of husbandry.

8. Rosary House — cradle of Maryknoll on Sunset Hill. This was the first Maryknoll seminary.

9. Field Afar Buildings. In these offices, your magazine is edited, addressed, and mailed.

10. Sisters' Motherhouse. Center for training of Maryknoll Sisters.

The Home Knoll

The heart of Maryknoll is the great stone pile that crowns one of Westchester's beautiful hills, on the outskirts of Ossining, overlooking the Hudson River. Here, some thirty miles north of New York City, is the major Seminary and the central administration. While many Maryknoll Members have been able to visit the Home Knoll, others, who live at too great a distance, know it only from the pages of this magazine. In order to give distant Members a bird's-eye view, this air photo of the Seminary grounds is presented. The inset shows a close-up of the Departure Bell, with the Seminary in the background.



Daughters of the East


The Sister trains
the Sister in the
new Church

by Monica Tyrell

Pius XI, in his Encyclical on Catholic Missions, echoed the conviction of Benedict XV — and the Maryknoll child, still very young, listened. That was in 1926. Native vocations, it appeared, would be the foundation upon which the new Society would place its hopes for the Church in pagan lands. Accordingly, the priests started seminaries for the boys; the Sisters staffed novitiates for the girls.

In December, 1926, in two rooms of their tiny Hong Kong convent, the Maryknoll Sisters cradled their first native novitiate. They were not ready to accept candidates — they needed a bigger house; but Bishop Walsh, down in the Kongmoon mission, had five Chinese girls who wished to become Sisters, and he wasn't going to turn them away.

In 1930, the little group of novices and their Maryknoll novice mistress moved from their crowded quarters to a novitiate building, made available by the erection of a new semi-



nary building at Kongmoon. There the training of the native candidates continued, and their numbers grew, until they reached their first profession of vows in 1936.

"If not as proud as peacocks," wrote Bishop Walsh (and we think he was just that proud himself), "the



No more beautiful example of the affectionate union of East and West can be found than in the relations between candidates and novice mistresses in the communities founded in the Far East by the Maryknoll Sisters

Maryknoll Sisters were at least as pleased as their Holy Rule allows, when the first girls trained by them became full-fledged Sisters. The native Congregation of The Immaculate Heart of Mary now exists as a lasting fruit of mission zeal. For Maryknoll came to China, not merely to trans-

port that zeal, but to perpetuate it, and never is Maryknoll so happy as when it has succeeded in enshrining it permanently in consecrated native lives."

These "consecrated lives" in Kongmoon have increased with the years, until now there are twenty professed

native Sisters at work in the mission stations of the vicariate. The war proved that they are able to stand on their own feet.

During the war, the two Maryknoll Sisters at the Kongmoon novitiate were removed by the Japanese and sent to the Island of Macao. In their absence the native Sisters proved themselves true apostles. They fed the refugees — as long as the rice lasted — visited the sick, baptized the dying, and continued catechetical instructions in the villages and at the mission center. All this was in addition to the maintenance of the novitiate, where native postulants and novices persevered in their studies under the direction of the Chinese Sisters. Five postulants were ready to receive the religious habit when the Maryknoll Sisters returned from their enforced exile.

To more than one native community, fell the responsibility of keeping the Faith alive among the Catholic congregations of pagan countries. The native Sisters in Manchuria met the test of war and proved themselves "real Sisters," according to Father Edward McGurkin. That Maryknoller wrote of them:

" . . . they have suffered quite a bit during these years, and have grown up considerably. But they are Sisters, real Sisters. Should anyone ask Mother Mary Joseph if her Maryknoll Sisters have been a success in the mission field, you can tell that person to come and see the native Sisters of the Sacred Heart in Fushun."

Consisting chiefly of Chinese subjects, these Sisters of the Sacred Heart showed true Christlike charity when the Japanese, vanquished, were brought as refugees into the city of Fushun. Father McGurkin describes the devotion of the native Sisters:

"The Sisters have been visiting the Japanese refugees, of whom about 40,000 were piled into Fushun. They have had many baptisms among the refugees, and we have taken care of a number of orphans. Typhus has taken the lives of many. . . . Our Sisters caught it . . ."

In Maryknoll's mission fields, six native Sisterhoods have been established: four are in South China, one in Manchuria, and one in Korea. These native Sisterhoods have a total of ninety-nine professed Sisters engaged in parish and mission work.

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$_____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

What Would You Say?

SUPPOSE YOU HEARD someone make each of the following remarks. What would your answer be? In the quiz below, three answers appear for each statement. Choose the one that

seems the most appropriate. 10-12 makes you a conversationalist par excellence. 7-10, you know what you are talking about. Under 7, you had better just listen. Answers below, no peeking.

1. "My brother is a *Swiss Guard*."
☐ (a) They are needed in the Alps.
☐ (b) He must see the Pope often.
☐ (c) It's too bad the League of Nations ended.
2. "Bishop Ford has a *catechumenate*."
☐ (a) I bought Father Jones one.
☐ (b) My aunt was baptized there.
☐ (c) A good book to give a priest!
3. "I saw a *Parsee* in the subway."
☐ (a) Was a man carrying it?
☐ (b) What a funny hat he wore.
☐ (c) Those trains are crowded.
4. "He was in the *Boxer Rebellion*."
☐ (a) He must have known many martyrs.
☐ (b) He is banned from sports.
☐ (c) I knew an Indian once, too.
5. "Few mission churches have a *carillon*."
☐ (a) Vestments are expensive.
☐ (b) The steeples are too small.
☐ (c) Mission Bishops don't appoint them.
6. "I visited the home of the *potato*."
☐ (a) I was in Ireland once.
☐ (b) Idaho is a beautiful state.
☐ (c) I always wanted to go to Peru.

7. "A friend of mine knows *Serati*!"
☐ (a) He is president of Bolivia.
☐ (b) I don't like the opera.
☐ (c) I never learned to speak it.
8. "Did you see the *Pando*?"
☐ (a) Madame Chiang presented it to the Bronx Zoo.
☐ (b) It is a great rubber center.
☐ (c) I never went to Venice.
9. "Do you think *Bushido* is dead?"
☐ (a) Not until the body is found.
☐ (b) What did he do?
☐ (c) Ideals pass slowly.
10. "I'm going to make a *safari*."
☐ (a) I don't know how to sew.
☐ (b) Maryknollers in Africa make them often.
☐ (c) I like Chinese food.
11. "He studied *missiography*."
☐ (a) Peoples are my hobby.
☐ (b) Handwriting is my hobby.
☐ (c) Languages appeal to me.
12. "She comes from the original *Barbary Coast*."
☐ (a) She probably is a moslem.
☐ (b) I would like to have been there before the earthquake.

were brought to Europe by the Spaniards. 7. c. The language of a people in the Maryknoll mission in Tanganyika, Africa. 8. b. The Pando is a lowland area in northern Bolivia where Maryknoll works. 9. c. Bushido is the code of chivalry of Japanese knights. 10. b. An organized journey in Africa. 11. a. Missiography is the science of contemporary missions and mission peoples. 12. a. The Barbary Coast embraced most of the shore of present-day Morocco, Algeria, Tunis and Libya. Conversations among the moslem masses are few.

QUIZ ANSWERS. 1. b. Swiss Guards protect the Pope at the Vatican. 2. b. A mission training school for studying catechism and for forming new converts in the Christian life. 3. b. A Parsee is an adherent of a religious sect which has some 100,000 followers in India. The men wear a distinctive hat. 4. a. The Boxer Rebellion was an anti-foreign, anti-Christian revolt in China in 1900, during which 46 missionaries and some 30,000 faithful were martyred. 5. b. A carillon is a set of harmonized bells. 6. c. Potatoes are native to Peru; they

Journey's End



Father J. E. Joyce

Father John E. Joyce, M.M. of New Bedford, Mass., passed away in St. Louis, Mo., on Sunday, December 9, 1946 and was laid to rest in the Maryknoll cemetery. Bishop Lane, Maryknoll's Superior General, preached the eulogy. Father Joyce, of the class of

1928, was a former Manchurian missionary, a worker in Bishop Lane's Vicariate of Fushun, and thus was well known to His Excellency. He is remembered by all with whom he labored for his loyal devotion to duty.

"I recall," said Bishop Lane in the course of his sermon, "in 1932 when I was going back to Manchuria with a group of missionaries from Maryknoll. We came to Honolulu and took on Father Joyce who for a short time had labored in the Hawaiian Islands. Everybody at the wharf and on the boat was impressed at the affection shown by the people who came to see him off. They placed leis on his shoulders. He himself showed sorrow at parting. A group of non-Catholic missionaries on board showed surprise, I might say amazement, at this manifestation of gratitude.

"Why this affection for Father Joyce? My dear friends, because he understood charity. He realized the words of Jesus Christ: 'Amen, I say to you, if you do it to one of these my least brethren, you do it to me.'"

Three Brand-New Books!

An \$8 value for \$5.90

TALES OF XAVIER

by James E. Walsh, M.M., D.D.

Sheed and Ward

\$2.50

Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll has prepared for us a book of fictionized incidents in Xavier's life.

CALL FOR FORTY THOUSAND

by John J. Considine, M.M.

Longmans

\$3.00

We journey with Father Considine in the Amazon Valley, in the far south of the continent, in the West Indies, in Central America and Mexico.

SISTERS OF MARYKNOLL

by Sister Mary de Paul Cogan

Scribner's Sons

\$2.50

A picture of the thrilling experiences of almost 200 Maryknoll Sisters caught in war's fury.

The above three books for \$5.90

Chungking Listening Post.....	2.50
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Religion Teacher and the World	
Lessons and stories for class:	
Vol. I, Grades I-III.....	1.25
Vol. II, Grades IV-VI.....	1.25

MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



Painter of Chinese

Our cover this month is the work of the gifted artist, Father Romanus Zeller, a German Dominican. Father Zeller studied art before entering the seminary. Assigned to China in 1938 he found many subjects which he recorded on canvas. During the war he secured mission funds by sale of his paintings.



The Maryknoll Roundup

Dead Shots. The White Fathers enjoy telling jokes on themselves, says Father Louis I. Bayless, of San Francisco, now in Musoma, East Africa. One of the White Fathers parked his motorcycle and went into the bush to hunt antelope. After a long walk, he spotted what looked like a pair of antlers, and shot three times. To his consternation, he found his motorcycle saddled with holes, and its gasoline pouring out of the perforated tank. Another White Father, out with Father William J. Collins, made a perfect shot at what he thought was a guinea hen. It proved to be a large beehive.



Father Bayless

Let there be light. "If you would like to see some excitement," writes Brother Felix of Brooklyn, lately arrived in Guatemala, "just try putting in a generator and turning on the first electric light that has ever been produced in a town. I have just installed a gasoline-operated generator here in Jacaltenango, and have wired the church and the missionary's house. The Indians spent hours gazing in awe at the sight."



Brother Felix

Jacaltenango, where Father Paul J. Sommer is pastor, is in the heart of the

remote Cuchumatanes Mountains. There are 40,000 Indians in that one parish. Maryknollers in Guatemala have the care of almost 200,000 souls, most of them Indians.

Back Home. The return to Manchuria has begun. Father J. Michael Henry, of New York City, writes of his arrival: "We reached here in exactly two weeks to the day. The trip took 171 hours of actual travel time, of which 52 hours were spent in the air and 119 on trains. Conditions here are much better than we anticipated. We shall be glad to see the other priests as soon as they can get over. Maryknollers enjoy the confidence of the authorities, and our opportunities are great."



Father Henry

Turkey-hearted. "Rafaela, our house girl," writes Sister Maura Kieran, from Calacala, Bolivia, "was told to kill the Thanksgiving turkey. Soft-hearted creature that she is, she wept at harming the beautiful bird. 'But you must, Rafaela!' we insisted.

"She disappeared and returned with a glass of strong wine. 'I'll get him drunk first, and he won't know what's happening,' she proposed. And she did just that!"

Good reasons. " 'Why,' I asked one of the elders in Ts'eung Faat Tei, 'do so many of you wish to join the Church?' " writes Father Peter A.



Father Reilly

Reilly, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, now in Wuchow, South China.

" 'Because,' the elder replied, 'we have watched the near-by Catholic villagers. They are different from us; they seem more content with life, more patient in droughts and floods. Moreover, they have less sickness — probably because the Spiritual Father treats them with medicine. We have spent thousands of dollars worshipping the devils, and still there is no rain. The Christians have not wasted money thus during hard times. It is clear that the Catholic religion is superior.' "

Lo, Wilderness! Mexicans themselves find the Maryknoll missions in the mountain regions unbearably remote. When Francisco, the carpenter, journeyed with Father Norbert M. Verhagen, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, from Tepic to Huaynamota, he was

exhausted from the long mule ride. Once recovered, he worked feverishly to finish his job. "I am dying in this place!" he protested. As soon as possible, he hurried off to his home in the lowlands.

Dividends. Young men in Chile are very cool towards priests and religion. But Father James J. Rottner, of Cincinnati, has been working hard, through athletics and in other ways, to help the boys and young men in Pemuco. The missionary's zeal paid dividends during a recent retreat.



Father Rottner

"I received word," he writes, "that my boys would go to Communion, but I had doubts. I gave Communion to other persons — but not one of the youths budged. However, after everybody had left the rail, to my great astonishment, every one of the young men rose, and approached the altar in a body. I was really touched. I can safely say that it was the first time in Pemuco that a group of young fellows did that. It made me feel very happy."

Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Priest ☐
Brother ☐

(Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____
 Street _____ School _____
 City, Zone, State _____ Class _____

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

"The Government," writes Father Koechel, from Mexico, "has turned over to us the big church in our mission. Formerly used as a motion-picture theater, and then as a Masonic Temple, it needs about \$2,000 for reconditioning. However, it is a fine stone building, a tremendous improvement over the little chapel we are using. *We have 90 days in which to start the work.*"

Double Assistance. Whoever helps Father Lawler, in Bolivia, to buy an artificial leg for a native whose left leg was amputated, will aid not only the girl, but her blind mother as well. She is the mother's sole support. \$200 is needed.

Covered with a \$5 Bill. Children of Wuchow, China, need blankets to keep them warm this winter. Each blanket will cost \$5. One hundred are needed. Should you rather have that bill in your purse — or know that a Chinese child is warm?

What Does Every Town Need? A hospital! Father Gorden Fritz can start one for only \$500, in his jungle community in Bolivia. Think what a hospital will mean to his underprivileged people!

What Father Meuth Doesn't Know — he hopes to learn from a used set of the Catholic Encyclopedia. Has anyone such a set to spare for this missionary in China?

Help! Help! Catechists, at \$15 a month each, can aid Father William Collins, in Africa, to get much done. Catechists are the best assistants. Will some good friend

provide one or more, to save Father's time and strength?

Band of Indians! Native musicians of Father George Hogan's mission in Mexico are greatly in need of a trumpet. Who has an old one to spare? Send it here, and we'll forward it to this missionary.

The Episcopal Ring—of Bishop Paschang, of Kongmoon, China, was lost during the war. To replace it, will cost \$75. Will you help the Bishop get another?



Soap Is Hard to Find and in Japan it is almost unobtainable. A cake may cost literally a man's weekly wage. Yet cleanliness is necessary for health. Help us buy and send soap, to prevent an

epidemic of skin troubles in Kyoto. Any little sum — 50c or \$1 — will help.

Light a Candle. For \$25, all the altar candles needed for one year, for a Maryknoll mission station in China, can be purchased. What better gift?

Planes, Saws, Hammers—chisels, sandpaper, paint brushes — tools costing exactly \$24.20 — will enable Father Jerome Garvey to start manual training for the boys in his Chilean mission. Satan finds work for them, if Father Garvey doesn't. Who will help keep those Indian boys constructively interested?

A Benediction Cope and Veil, costing respectively \$40 and \$18, are requested by one Maryknoller in Guatemala.



MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN CHINA NEED

each month:

\$5 for support of a leper	\$15 for support of a catechist
\$5 for support of a blind child	\$15 for support of a native Sister
\$5 for support of an orphan	\$15 for support of a native seminarian
\$5 for support of a refugee	\$30 for support of a missionary
\$5 for support of an old person	\$50 for medicine for a dispensary
\$15 for support of a native priest	\$50 for the mission rice lines

each year:

\$25 for education of a poor child	\$30 for Mass wine
\$25 for Mass hosts	\$50 for altar candles
\$250 for Catholic Action activities	\$300 for youth work

When making your will, remember Maryknoll's legal title is Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

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